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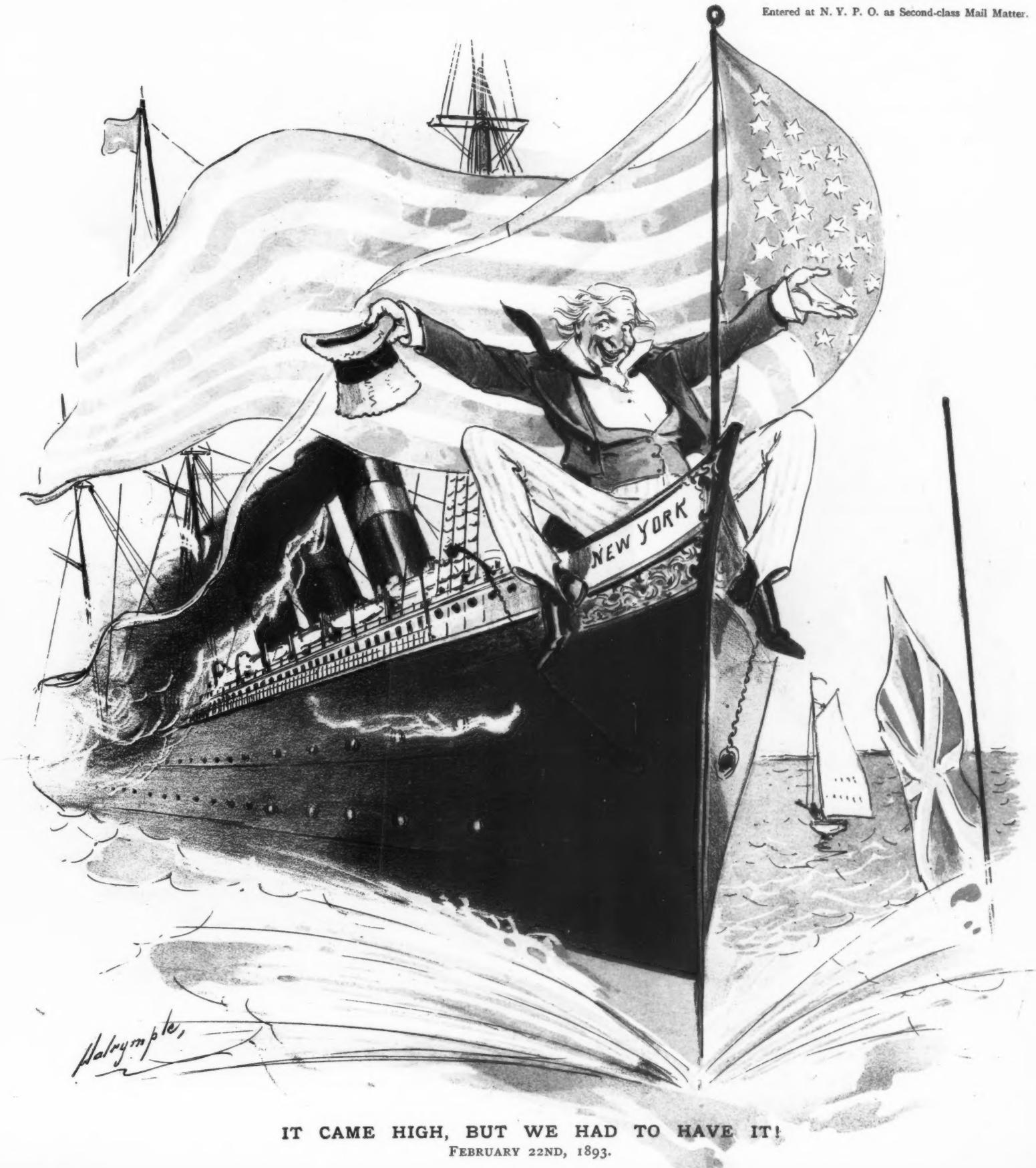
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Puck

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IT CAME HIGH, BUT WE HAD TO HAVE IT!
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Wednesday, March 8th, 1893.—No. 835.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING THE NEW CABINET.

IT is a matter of regret that the completion of the "Century Dictionary" was not deferred a year or so. Were its forms still open, its definitions of "Politician" and "Politics" could now with propriety be amplified to the better enlightenment of the next generation. At any rate, these words have been given new meanings in that great unwritten dictionary of the people, which is always subject to revision. The time has come when "Politician" need not have "Demagogue" for a synonym; when "Politics" need no longer suggest "Corruption." Grover Cleveland has given new meaning to these words. In the selection of his cabinet he has ruthlessly violated traditions which the practical politician had come to regard as sacred. Now, if you have a profitable acquaintance with the world's history, you know that all great reforms are preceded by a fearful jolting of this same kind of traditions. This ought to make you feel better, if you are a good citizen. If you are a practical politician, it will worry you, for this kind of man has been utterly unable to reconcile Mr. Cleveland's appointments with his own peculiar ideas of partisan convenience. As a result, he either stands aghast, makes indistinct mutterings about "personal considerations," prophesies dire things for Democrats in 1896, or, as in the case of that staunch machine sheet, the *New York Sun*, resorts to a campaign of delicately humorous play upon the first name of the new Secretary of the Interior. Of course, none of this is dignified or pertinent opposition, but it is the only course left to that disciple of ring-rule, the practical politician.

If you have a nice eye for contrasts, you can exercise it to advantage in a comparison of the cabinets of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. You will find the pastime wholesome and instructive. Mr. Harrison bought his cabinet in the market place; being unused to shopping, he naturally sought the bargain-counter and got shoddy goods. Mr. Cleveland's cabinet is home-made, and its personnel must appeal to you if you like honest statesmanship. That Mr. Cleveland's appointments have all been marked

by careful consideration, and dictated by conscientious motives, is attested by the absolute fitness of each man for the work he must do. Then, too, remembering the price-tag which was carelessly allowed to dangle from Mr. Wanamaker's fealty to the last administration, it is refreshing to note that prices for seats in the present cabinet have not been quoted in the political exchange. Again, Mr. Cleveland's appointments notably lack any evidence of an attempt at machine-making. They denote simple reliance upon that machine, if machine it may be called, which grows of itself from the hearty approval of a great people, intended save by the good acts of a wise executive. The era of honest dealing begun so auspiciously by Mr. Cleveland does not come any too soon. There has not been a time in twenty-five years when the country so badly needed some rational legislation. And, in the same period, there has not been a cabinet better qualified to cope with the stern realities of Republican misrule.

Mr. Cleveland's plan of announcing his appointments as soon as they were made, was a sample of that sound common-sense which is eminently democratic and Cleveland-like. It was a cruel blow to the harmless sport of amateur cabinet-making, but it was the natural result of the earnestness which Mr. Cleveland brings to his work. He proceeded on the theory of natural selection, in which neither distribution of patronage, sectional issues, nor party expediency was an element. His work was clean, and he was willing that the people should see his methods. And this is the sort of thing which, in time, will make it safe for you to call a man a politician, to his face, without dodging.

CONCERNING AMERICAN SHIPPING. The country celebrated its Father's birthday by an authorized violation of that curious Republican law which forbids an American to float his own flag over his own ship, if the latter be of foreign make. Any augury of a new growth for our stunted merchant marine should be hailed with joy. On the occasion referred to, the hauling was out of all proportion to the augury. A dim sense of this fact seemed to subdue all exuberance on the part of the principal performers. When you remember that they simply naturalized an English ship, the occasion is stripped of a lot of its boasted significance. When we have not only free ships, but free raw material with which to build ships, and not until then, we shall be justified in emitting some lusty cheers. As the perception of this truth does not require the occult powers of a clairvoyant, Mr. Harrison's half-hearted interest in the proceedings is probably accounted for. Still, we are glad to welcome the steamer *New York*. Under the old Republican rule her admission would have meant little; but, with a cheerfulness born of the new order of things, we are disposed to hope, with some confidence, for a time when the sight of the stars and stripes in a foreign port need not cause astonishment; when we may refer to our merchant marine without being obliged to explain why there is no such thing.



AT THE POULTRY SHOW.

ENTHUSIASTIC EXPERT.—Observe the rich plumage of that Leghorn, Miss Rhapsode.

MISS RHAPSODE.—Oh, my! How beautiful! What lovely Easter eggs it must lay!

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

FIRST A. D. T.—Whadjer mean runnin' like dis?

SECOND A. D. T.—Hully chee! D'ye s'pose I'm goin' to let meself freeze? I'm a-runnin' to keep warm.

FIRST A. D. T.—Rats! Can't yer find a warm gratin' ter stand on?

JUST AS GOOD.

WILLIE DEACON.—We have family prayers every morning. Do you?

TOMMY CHURCHLY.—No; but Pa always reads us half a column of the *Mail and Express*.

WHEN MITCHELL AND Corbett start scrapping

I hope they will both be in trim,
And that Jim will knock spots out of
Charley

While Charley does likewise to Jim.

STREET COMMISSIONER BRENNAN

seems to be more of an adept at sweeping statements than at sweeping streets.

CONSTITUENT.—Why is the Panama scandal being investigated in America?

REPRESENTATIVE.—To see if American boodlers got a just share of the spoils, I fancy.



"A POUND PARTY."

RELATED REPUBLICAN POLITICIAN (addressing a meeting of the mourners).—And who is this Grover Cleveland, whom they have twice elected President? Why, he is an accident!

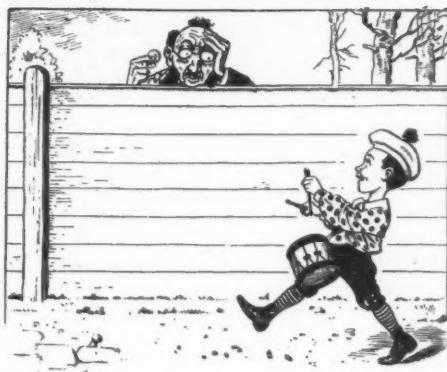
DEMOCRATIC INTERLOPER.—Well, then, had n't the Republican Party better take out an accident policy?

A SHARP MAN BLUNTED.



WILLIE NEVERSTOP.—Mother, look at this nice drum I bought with the fifty cents Uncle Bob gave me!

Mrs. NEVERSTOP.—Well, don't ever play it in the house; take it out in the yard.



MR. HARDBY (who has stood it as long as he possibly could).—Say, Willy, I'll bet you a dollar you can't put your foot through the head of that drum.



— Well, you've won the bet, and here's the dollar.

THE GOOD CITIZEN.

The Good Citizen does not keep a dog. He does not wear side-whiskers.

He keeps his children in the country or in the attic.

His conversation on the cars is not punctuated with the words "deal," "ten thousand dollars."

On the cars he does not stare into the poor woman's purse.

He does not keep a dog.

He does not act so religious on Sundays that his neighbors hasten to embrace paganism.

He does not furnish his boy with an air-gun and with letters of marque to prey upon the lives of his neighbors' children.

He rightly mistrusts his own boy more than any other boy on the street.

He never stands in the door of the elevator.

He does not run to you with trumped-up falsehoods about your boy.

Such is the Good Citizen.

It is unnecessary to say of such a man as this that he does not keep a dog.

Williston Fish.



— Now that nuisance is done for. See how much better a little strategy works with a boy.



WILLY (an hour later).—By Jimminy! These dollar drums make ten times as much noise as that fifty-cent one did!

HIGH PRESSURE PERSIFLAGE.

"Feel dry?" asked the Safety Valve.

"Oh, no! I'm tanked up," answered the Boiler.

"Glad to hear it," was the reply; "I was just about to blow you off;" and the rest of the conversation was lost in the hissing that followed.

HOSE CARRIAGES
—Garters.

WERE MEN as handsome as they think,
And women as pretty as they deem,
More lovely far than Paradise
This dull old earth would seem



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Sixteen Men Wanted at Once!"

IN THE RUSH LINE.

"Now Jones and I will form a wedge, Smith and Brown can follow in the V, while Robinson and Johnson can work around the ends;" and so skill, science and strength that came from foot-ball practice secured them seats when the L-guard opened the gates.

AFTER A HARD CAMPAIGN IN WASHINGTON.

THE LIEUTENANT.—And are you sure, my brave darling, that you understand what it is to be a soldier's wife—the dreary existence in lonely frontier barracks, the Indian massacres, the exposure to hardship and scenes of horror which you will be called upon to face by your husband's side?

HIS JUST-AFFIANCED.—Oh, yes, Tom; and I am prepared to endure anything except to see you dance another cotillon with that horrid DeGrasse widow.



EXCRUCIATING ECONOMY.

GEORGE HARDPAN.—We shall have to be very economical this year, my dear.

MRS. HARDPAN (enthusiastically).—Yes. I intend making my own hats and bonnets and dresses and —

GEORGE (in rapture).—Mary, you are a prize! Yes; a perfect treasure!

MARY (continuing).—And your shirts and collars and cuffs.

GEORGE (in abject terror).—Mary, I was only fooling you. We shall not have to be as economical as all that!



THE MINUET.

Retold from the French of
M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT
by
H. C. BUNNER.

WHEN I had read through the letter signed Rodman Kernochan, I had some difficulty in associating the idea of its authorship with the idea of the man with whom I had had a brief but pleasant acquaintance eight or ten years before. I had had a sort of stag-party and public-dinner friendship with him during one notably hilarious season in New York, but he was at that time a soldier in the United States Army, and he had all his life been a soldier in that larger army of the Soldiers of Fortune; and so it happened that we were not much thrown together. Later, when I think I might have seen more of him, he fell heir to some immense fortune and went abroad to live. My clearest memory of him was the picture my mind had preserved of our parting hand-clasp on the steamer's deck.

As I remembered Captain Kernochan, he was a big, strong, heavy man, rather slow and quiet and self-contained, with hair and moustache prematurely gray,—stiff, thick and bristling like thatch. His complexion was ruddy, almost rubicund: the complexion of a man who lived well and fed hearty appetites, yet who observed a certain sturdy temperance. His features were hard in form and expression; only his eyes, which were large, dark-brown and somewhat sad, seemed capable of kindness. In manners I remembered him quiet, reserved and courteous; a man who listened much and talked rarely; and who, when he did talk, talked admirably well; thoughtfully, and with a cultured grace in his low, pleasant tones. You felt that you would not care to enlist as a private in that Captain's company if an easy life were your ambition; but that if you were a private in his company, you would go to the bottom of the Devil's pit for him.

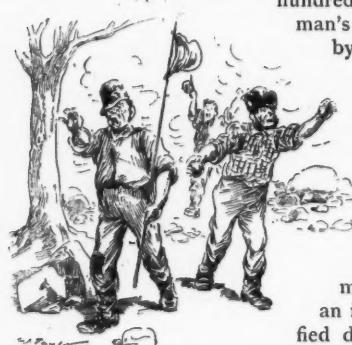
Here is his letter:

"You told me once, my dear sir, that your business (so you called it,) as a student of human nature, had made you more indulgent of the absurdities and inconsistencies of humanity than of many of its commonplace virtues. I am going to trust to that indulgence that you will not laugh at my request, as I am sure I can trust to your kindness not to refuse it.

"You used sometimes to reproach me with what you called the callousness of my sympathies, especially in matters of patriotism and humane sentiment. The reproach was just. I have knocked around the world so much and so long, I have seen so much of life's miseries and hardships and pains and horrors, that I suppose I have grown insensible and even indifferent to human suffering. Nay, I know that I could not have got that reputation, as I certainly have, without earning it. And when I say that I have seen, without much wear and tear on my heart-strings, five months in the prison-pen at Andersonville, five years of Indian warfare, two epidemics of cholera and one of yellow fever, a conflagration in which

hundreds perished, and much more than one man's fair allowance of 'moving accidents by flood and field,' you will understand why I have to ask the indulgence of your experience to believe that there are afflictions of my fellow-men so trifling that most people would consider them fanciful, which yet have the power to touch me with a poignant pain, to fix themselves in my memory as grief for the dead is fixed in other minds, and to haunt me for years with an inextinguishable pity and an unsatisfied desire to help and solace.

My story takes me back a quarter of a century in a life that has been full of fantastic changes. I was then a young man of twenty-three, still broken in health with my confinement at Andersonville, alone in New York, without friends, and with very little money, studying hard for a profession for which I had little liking and less capacity. I lived, for economy's sake, near what was then Manhattanville,



and not far from the old Bloomingdale Road. That delightful old highway was already beginning to disappear under the pick and shovel, to make way for a 'boulevard' and the rest of that system of so-called 'improvements,' which I suppose by this time has left little trace of the outskirts of the town as I knew them.

"I was no more of a patriot in those days than I am now; one city was the same to me as another, and one street meant no more to me than the next. So, though I was fond enough of my pleasant surroundings in that good old-fashioned neighborhood, I could not designate to you by any reference to landmarks where it was that I found, somewhere between Central Park and the North River—perhaps in the then unfinished part of the park itself—a great old-fashioned place which had once been the residence of some historic gentleman whose name I have forgotten. It was a grand old house, standing in grounds that must have covered many acres, and that had once been cultivated with exquisite taste. There were many such places in the region at that time, most of them dropping into decay; but this was of all of them the largest, seemingly the oldest, and its grounds were the most quaintly laid out in flower-gardens and formal shrubberies—lanes of box, and avenues of privet, and here and there great ragged evergreens of all sorts slowly growing out of the odd shapes into which some Dutch gardener had clipped them a century before. And all this stood in the way of some devilish 'improvement'—was it a boulevard or an aqueduct or a horse-car line or what? I have forgotten; but I know that the beautiful place was doomed to destruction, and I know that for a long time it seemed that I was the only one who would mourn its fall.

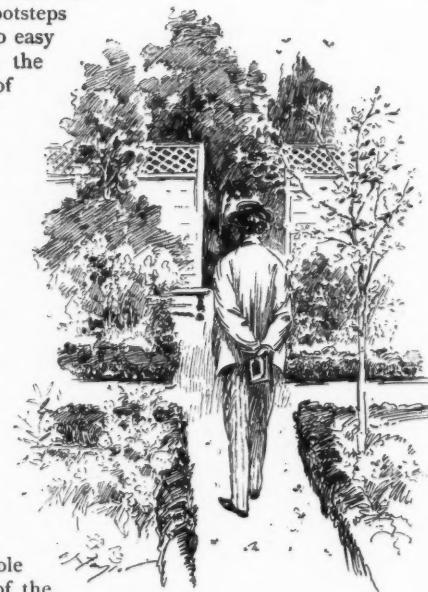
"There was a great old flower-garden at the back of the house, where I used to go to read and study, partly because I loved to walk between the neglected beds that still kept up some pitiful show of flowering within their sturdy borders of box, and to catch smells of honeysuckle and southern-wood, and partly because in that secluded spot I could not hear the pick-axes of the sappers and miners in the van of the March of Progress, nor see the scar they were making on the face of nature.

"For a long time I thought—indeed I was sure—that I was the only human being who frequented the place; but after a while, as familiarity trained my eyes to notice little things, I became conscious of the fact that some other person or persons shared my love for the old garden. He, she, or they, shared also my reverent respect for it, and refrained from ravaging the beds or spoiling the flowering shrubs. I permitted myself a modest posy for my button-hole; so, it seemed, did some one else. I found this out when I got to noticing how many flowers there were in certain favorite clumps of mine. By and by, becoming interested and curious, for never had I seen a soul within the enclosure, I searched for footsteps and found them. It was no easy task, for the walks had the smoothness and firmness of great old age, but by diligent scrutiny of every patch of dust or mould, I finally discovered and individualized, if I may so express it, two different footprints; and I satisfied myself that, save my own, none but those two pairs of feet trod the garden paths.

"Both were small feet—one a man's and one a woman's—and both were peculiar. The man wore shoes with the narrow, square sharp-cornered toe that is affected by South Americans and Cubans—I believe it is called the Creole or Spanish toe. The print of the woman's sole was beautifully small and dainty; but the shape and the character of the impression puzzled me much, until I guessed the truth: that she wore slippers—and uncommonly small slippers, too. Therefore, I reasoned, she must live near by.

"I was twenty-three years old, as I have told you, and I made up my mind to find out who that woman was. Perhaps I should say that I determined to discover the woman and the man; but as for the man, his toes had already prejudiced me against him. And he seemed, at the best, unnecessary. So you see that I, too, have been twenty-three. I suppose some people would not believe it of me.

"My hours in the garden had been invariable. From nine, when I finished my breakfast, to eleven, when I went to my lectures; and from seven, when I finished my dinner, until eight, when I returned to my room to begin my evening's work. The day after I made my resolve I took an early breakfast; went to my garden, and entered it noiselessly by one of the privet-bordered paths, whose high hedge would screen me from observation, while it allowed me to peep through its straggling twigs.



TAKING HIM TO TASK.

YOUNG MR. SNICKERS had long loved Miss Gilgal, and one evening he succeeded in mustering enough courage to ask her to marry him.

"Before I give you an answer, Mr. Snickers," she replied, "I want to ask you a few questions."

"Ask on."

"You write a great many jokes?"

"I plead guilty."

"You have often written jokes in which mothers-in-law were held up to ridicule?"

"I have used the subject once or twice."

"You have also written jokes which turn on the general unhappiness of married life, and imply a wish on the part of married men that they had never married?"

"Possibly I have, Miss Gilgal."

"Possibly? You mean positively, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mr. Snickers, how do you have the effrontery to ask me — or any girl — to marry you after maligning marriage and mothers-in-law? If you think I would, you are very much mistaken."

"Why, my dear girl, when I wrote those things I was only joking!" the young man declared.

"Were you?" replied the maiden,

gleefully. "Then I was only joking when I said I would n't marry you."

Engagement announced next day.

William Henry Siviter.

PLUCKED.

WALL STREET BULL (*proudly*).—Pluck, sir, pluck made me.

WALL STREET LAMB (*ruefully*).—I am quite sure of it.

A LIGHT THAT FAILED.

MRS. NOTHING.—Mary, what is this trouble between you and your husband?

MRS. IT.—He 's a brute! You know that lovely piano lamp I wanted for so long and gave him on Christmas! Well, he said it was lovely, and just what he wanted; and then the horrid wretch took it down to his office next day!

INVISIBLY PERFECT.

"Madge has a very awkward walk, has n't she?"

"Yes; but wait till the hoopskirts come in next Fall, and her walk will be out of sight."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

TOM.—It was trouble drove Lushley to drink.

JERRY.—Yes; but the trouble was whiskey.

THE DECAY OF ART.

TRACER.—What 's Poorman doing now?

JAKEY.—Told me he 's giving chalk talks.

TRACER.—I guess it 's a two-sided affair, then. He does the talking and the bartender does the chalking.

THE SUMMER GIRLS who are in sack-cloth and ashes this Lenten season will blossom forth in sack-coats and sashes with the return of tennis weather.



HE KEPT HIS WORD.

DOWNING.—Yes, I promised Father I would use this diary every day; but I never had an idea that a diary was such a comfort and convenience!



FRENCH POLITENESS.

M. LEFÈVRE (*in agonized whisper*).—Vill Madame kindly introduce me to ze lady on my right? I wish to speak to her.

HOSTESS.—Certainly—I thought I had presented you. Has your fair neighbor made an impression on your heart?

M. LEFÈVRE.—Oh, non, Madame; on my foot! She have placed her chair on ze toe of my foot, and she have been sitting on eet efer since we came to ze table.



NOT A BEAUTY, BUT A NECESSITY.

MR. COMMUTER (*to friend from the city, whom he is bringing home to spend the night at Lonesomehurst*).—Yes, he is no beauty. I bought him from a blind man. Come, we 'll start for the house, and I 'll show you how useful he is.



MR. COMMUTER.—Now you can see his value. He knows every inch of the mile and a quarter between the station and my house. Keep tight hold on my coat-tail.

"I had not gone half the length of the path when I saw him — for it was the man and he was alone. The first thing that I saw of him was his square-toed shoes; then, as I raised my eyes I saw one of the oddest and one of the oldest figures that I have ever encountered. The square-toed shoes were low-cut, with silver buckles. The breeches were tight to the leg, of black broadcloth somewhat shiny with age. Then came a yellow nankeen waistcoat and a swallow-tail coat of a faded mulberry color, with very small silver buttons. A great black satin stock enveloped the neck. The hat that went with this costume was a beaver, a real beaver, a genuine antique, fuzzy, with a crown like an inverted bell, and a wonderfully broad rolling brim. I

I think you will understand what I mean when I say that that hat was an improbable hat. I know that I stood and stared at it for a minute or two, slowly taking in all its queerness before I thought of inspecting its wearer any further.

"We speak often of a costume suiting its wearer. In this case I should rather say that the man suited his costume. He was old, incredibly old in the face, clean-shaven, wrinkled, yellow as old ivory — and his wig! It absolutely made you believe in the hat; it was such a marvel of curly, shiny, pomaded, jet-black juvenility. And yet for all its obvious age it was a sprightly figure that walked briskly along the garden paths, evidently taking a morning constitutional. And there was something positively fascinating in the amiable, intelligent, interested way in which that wrinkled old face grinned and grimaced and mowed at the empty air as though it held converse with the invisible.

"For half an hour I watched him as he walked smartly about the grounds; and then I went away half ashamed of thus spying on his privacy, and yet too bashful to present myself to his notice, although the oddity and eccentricity of his appearance had already so caught my fancy and aroused my wonder that I had quite forgotten to trouble myself about the yet undiscovered wearer of the dainty feminine slippers. It must have been indeed a fascination that brought me back the same hour the next morning, and the morning after that, just to watch the brisk little old man from behind my screen of shrubbery. And on that third morning I saw a sight that held me spell-bound.

"The old man stopped short in his promenade and tapped the firm smooth walk two or three times with the tip of his toe. Then he took three steps forward, made a low bow — a very low bow — with his hands spread out, then took three steps back, and then, with the rapidity and agility of a fighting cock, skipped fifteen or twenty feet forward, rose a good half-a-yard into the air, and cut a pigeon-wing the like of which I had never seen before. Down he came, back he skipped; then to right, then to left; he bowed, he smirked, he waved his hands in the air, he flourished his lean old legs in marvelous, intricate steps, advancing, retreating, turning and twirling, swinging this way and that in airy circles and semi-circles, and each time that he came back to the place from which he started, he drew the tips of his shrivelled fingers together, raised them to his lips, threw a kiss to an imaginary public, and made three low bows, right, left and centre, while his poor old yellow features were twisted and puckered with grimaces of delighted vanity. He was dancing.

"After that I had to make his acquaintance; and a few days later I did; contriving to enter the garden just as he left it, and to pass the time of day with him, as when I was a boy in the country it was customary to do with any stranger met upon the highway. I expected to find him shy and embarrassed, but he was not, in the least. To my salutation of 'A fine day, sir!' he answered cordially and pleasantly:

"Indeed it is, sir, and quite like the weather we used to have."

"In a week we were good friends, and I knew his whole history. Do you know who he was? He was Camanti, the old dancing master, the man who taught the modish people of New York to dance, who directed their balls and chose their music and formed their code of etiquette — in my father's time! Think of it, my dear sir, his life in the world had ended before mine began, and to all intents and purposes two centuries shook hands in our two persons.

"And then I heard about the slippers. Proud as he was of the triumphs of his past, in America and in France — he was ballet master at the opera in Paris during the latter part of Napoleon's consulate, and emigrated in 1805, in testimony of his principles, being unable to bear the sight of the Corsican upstart declared Emperor and seated on the throne of the Bourbons — he was prouder still of something else; and when he told me of it he got up from his seat as if to speak with more respect.

"It may not have escaped your memory, sir, that I have the honor of being the husband of la Cerita!"



"It had indeed escaped my memory, but I could quite clearly recall my father's enthusiastic ravings over that incomparable queen of dancers, beside whom, in his opinion, all other artists of the ballet were clumsy charlatans

"It was she who came to the garden with him, and the footprint I had seen was made by the woman out of whose slipper a King of France once drank champagne. But, as he remarked, his wife was no longer in her first youth, (as far as I can make out she must have been sixty and he eighty-five or six at this time,) and she promenaded herself only in what he called 'the choice of the day' — namely, the dry warm hours of the early afternoon.

"I presented myself at the court of the ex-queen a few days later. She was a little old woman dressed in a limp, shiny, old-fashioned silk; faded, wrinkled, exquisitely neat, and gentle and sweet, with a smell of pot-pourri about her — which is, in part, the reason why the thought of a withered rose-petal always comes to me when I remember her.

"It was to these old people that I said one day:

"What was the Minuet? Will you not tell me something about the Minuet?"

"Camanti gave a little start, his fingers trembled and a touch of color rose to his yellow cheek.

"It is — no, it was, the Dance of Kings, and it died with the Kings. There are Kings no more and there will no more be a Minuet. In all the world there was never, — no, never — such a dance as the Minuet."

"I tried to make him describe it, to tell me something of its figures and steps, but its intricacies and refinements were very soon too much for his English. At last he turned to his wife who sat silent, smelling now and then of a spray of southernwood which she held daintily between the tips of her fingers.

"Madam," he said, "would you have the grace to illustrate for this gentleman?"

"She rose and cast a timorous glance about her, as if to assure herself that no one else was looking. Then without a word she took her place opposite him and I saw the Minuet danced.

"Backward and forward they went, bowing and smiling to each other, with coquettish gesticulations and bows and curtseys of profoundly ceremonious salutation. They advanced, they retreated, they crossed, they circled, they kissed their hands and made their bows to partners who danced only in their fond old eyes, they waved their trembling hands in the air, and sprang up from time to time in funny little old-fashioned steps, like the marionette figures that used to dance in a glass box on the top of a certain kind of street organ. Left over from the last century, these two pitiful, odd old figures went through every least step and movement of that forgotten dance, to music that had been a lifetime mute.

"I sat and watched them with something in my throat that forbade me to laugh, until they reached the end, and the old man gave a quick little upward glance as though to see some long-dead leader drop his bâton. They stood for a moment face to face, looking fixedly at each other, as though they were slowly coming to themselves after a moment of rapturous ecstasy, and then, sobbing like children, they fell into each other's arms.

"That is all my story. A few days later, I went to Mexico and took service in the army of Juarez; and never again did I see either of my two strange friends. And that I never have seen them; that I never, in all my years of wandering sought them out to show them some trivial kindness; that I was not with them when the old man died to give my arm to the poor old woman who survived him, and to make this frail creature, so long tenderly watched over and cared for by her adoring husband, feel that there was at least one person left in the world to whom she could turn

for sympathy and attention — this, my friend, this has for twenty-five years weighed on a conscience callous enough to the memory of a hundred atrocities which I have seen unmoved and unstirred to pity.

"Camanti is dead. Long ago, when I was in the Sandwich Islands, I read of his demise in a newspaper that was then three years old. Why I never made search for his widow I do not know. Perhaps it is because I have weakly tried to cherish all these years the remembrance of them as I saw them in that sweet old garden that so became them, and that I have



been just coward enough to avoid facing the certain discovery that this last pleasure had been taken out of their gentle and loving old lives.

"This brings me to my request. A few days ago, I saw in an obscure French theatrical paper a statement that the grave of the great Cerita in Calvary Cemetery, New York, was without a stone. What I ask of you is to see if this be so, and to use the enclosed draft in providing a fitting sepulture for my two old friends, wherever they may lie."

I shall do what Kernochan has asked me to, but not until Spring, when I shall lay upon the tomb of the two old people a bunch of violets that grow in a certain old-fashioned garden I know of, so that I, too, may have a part in this old-time friendship.

RED EARS COUNT.

UNCLE SI.—That boy Egbert is altogether too smart to spend his life on a farm.

AUNT FURBY.—What makes you say that?

UNCLE SI.—For five cents he bought enough red dye to corner all the huskin' bees this Winter.



"A RAINBOW."

WHAT WON HER.

He told her of his high estate
As he sought her love to gain;
He boasted of his Norman blood,
Which also was in vain;
He named the sum he was insured—
The maiden caught her breath,
Her head sought rest upon his breast,
She said: "I'm yours till death!"

Roy L. McCarell.

WANTED TO GET RID OF HIM.

"Life is, after all, nothing but a dream," said the moralizer.

"Then wake up," retorted the demoralizer.

IT is against the law to kill song birds; but, then, they are never guilty of perpetrating "Little Annie Rooney" or "Comrades."

GIN A BODY meet a body
With her hair awry;
Has a body, by a body
Been kissed on the sly?



A POPULAR STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

VISITOR.—So you are going to build a house in the suburbs! What sort of a dwelling shall you put up?

HOST.—Well, I examined the Renaissance, Queen Anne, and other designs, but finally decided on the Colonial plan.

HOST'S SON.—Why, Papa! you told Mamma you were going to build it on the installment plan.



AN EASY QUESTION TO ANSWER.

MRS. PIE.—What will you do if I give you a good breakfast?
HAPPY TITE.—Eat it, Mum.

CHARITABLY INCLINED.

MRS. PARVENEER.—If we could only get the girls into Mrs. Astor-gilt's dancing-class, Simon, it would be the making of 'em.

MR. PARVENEER.—I druther paternize somebody else 't needs it more, Sophia. Mis' Astorgilt's well 'nough off 'thout teachin' dancin'-school.

ROUGH DIAMONDS.

MRS. GUSHLY.—What adorable toughs and sweet burglars Mr. Daintyquill depicts for us in his charming stories of low life!

TOM BIGBEE.—Wonderful! It seems that no one but angels in disguise take to stealing of spoons, nowadays.



THE ACTOR when he sees his name on the Bill Boards.

When he sees his name on the Board Bills.

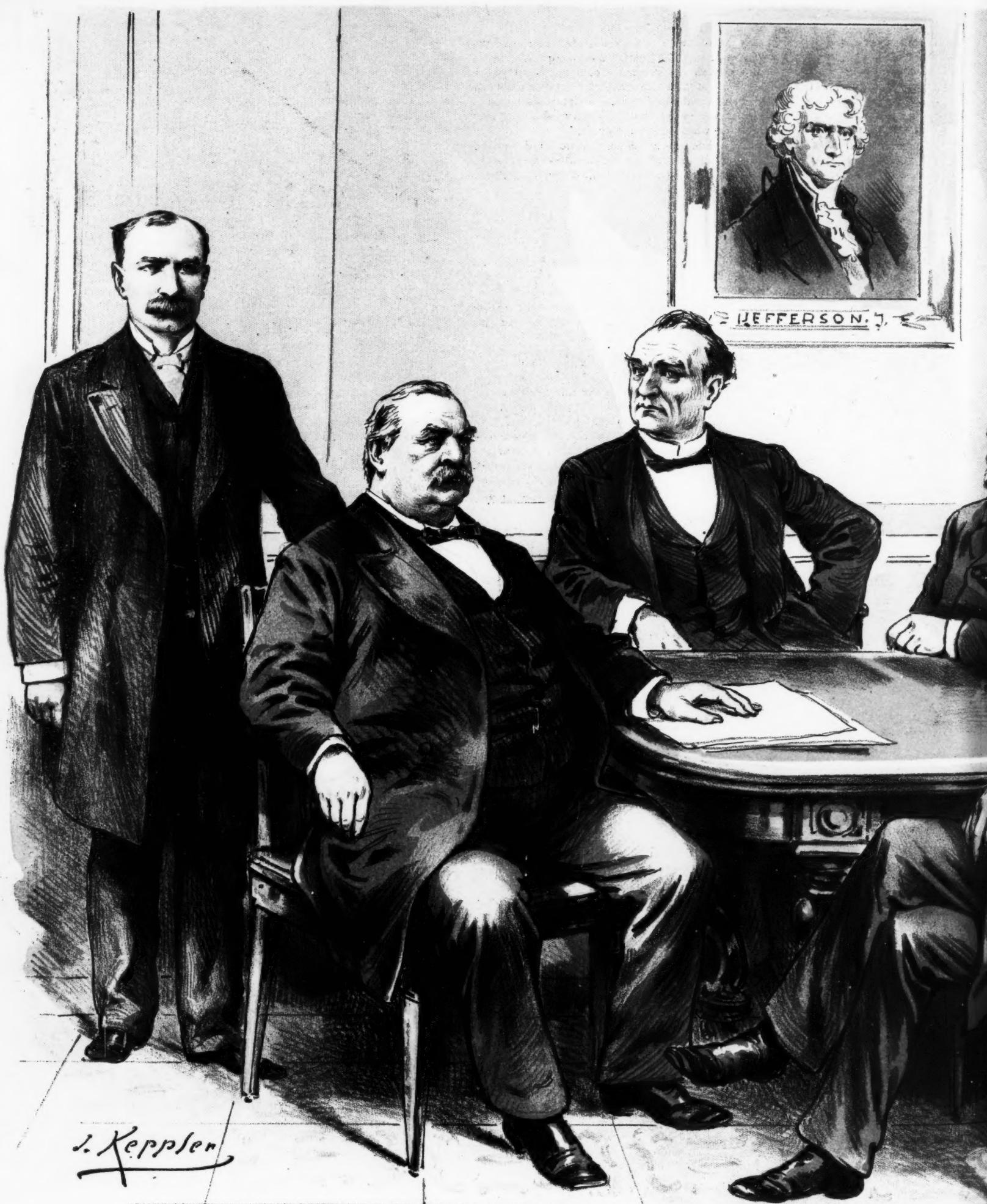
THE MODERN POET'S BLESSING.

What a boon that modern poets harps melodious do not need
To inspire their lays and serve as song-evokers;
For their stock of jingling stanzas would be very scant indeed,
With those harps the year around at some pawnbroker's.

TO-DAY IN FRANCE the duel is more popular than the apology. In attempting to make an apology a man might commit an error in grammar; but in fighting a duel he runs no risk.

THE SIAMESE TWINS were a fine illustration of the spirit of that beautiful saying — "Two hearts that beat as one."

MANY A BALL-ROOM DRESS in covering a warm heart has reached the limit of its abilities.



DANIEL SCOTT LAMONT, War.

JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE, Treasury.

GROVER CLEVELAND, PRESIDENT.

RICHARD OLNEY, Attorney-General

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND



WASHINGTON.

LINCOLN.



WALTER Q. GRESHAM, State.

HOKE SMITH, Interior.

HILARY A. HERBERT, Navy.

Attorney General.

JULIUS STERLING MORTON, Agriculture.

WILSON S. BISSELL, Postmaster-General.

VELAND AND HIS CABINET.

AN APPARENT PARADOX.

THE SALESMAN.—These goods are imported only in single dress patterns, Madam;—you purchase this six-yard piece and you may rest assured that no other lady in the land will have a dress like yours. In fact, we could not duplicate it if we wanted to.

THE PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER.—It certainly is pretty; but suppose there is not enough in this pattern for a dress for me?

THE SALESMAN (*reassuringly*).—Oh, don't trouble yourself about that, Madam; we will have no trouble in matching it for you.



A BAD BREAK.

KIRBY STONE.—See that man across there? He is the only man I ever knew to break a bank at gambling.

JOB LOTT.—Indeed!

KIRBY STONE.—Yes. He was president of the bank he broke.

PHYSICAL, RATHER THAN PSYCHICAL.

I used to think, when baby smiled in sleep,
The angels spoke to him; but now I find
That is not it at all—for Nurse, who knows a heap,
Tells me 't is due to wind!



A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED.

MR. PETTYPULL (*at railway ticket-office*).—What is the fare to Buffalo?

TICKET AGENT.—Eight dollars.

MR. PETTYPULL.—What is the excursion rate?

TICKET AGENT.—We have no excursions to Buffalo.

MR. PETTYPULL.—No? Well, what are your special rates?

TICKET AGENT (*exasperated*).—We have no special rates. Here! Do you want a ticket?

MR. PETTYPULL.—Oh, no! I have a pass there, and I just want to know how much it is saving me.



THE PUNCH PLAN.

“Is London *Punch* Liberal or Conservative?”

“A little of both. In politics it is inclined to be liberal, but in its humor it is very conservative.”

AN IMPORTANT FUNCTIONARY.

“Does the usher belong to the church?”

“Certainly; what do you mean?”

“Nothing—only one might infer from his actions that the church belongs to him.”

HAVING TO LIVE on one's wits is the best anti-fat remedy discovered so far.



GOOD ADVICE.

VICTIM OF BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—Say, Officer, why—er—two big woughs beat me—er—wiped the sweet up with me and then wan away. Now, what would you advise me to do?

OFFICER (*calmly*).—Why, go over and take a bath.

THE COURAGEOUS STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.

The indicator he seldom rings,
Though the spotter may be there.
“‘None’ (Oh, courage, my heart!)” he sings;
“‘But the brave deserve the fare.’”

R. L. McC.



A PAINFUL OPERATION.

JACK WILLING (*propitiatingly*).—Come, dear, don't be angry. Let me kiss away that pout.

MISS DE MUIR (*still unappeased*).—You need n't mind; it will go away easier than that.

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NEW EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

A College President speaks:

LONG TO SEE our four-oared crew
Beat all the other crews a mile,
And bring the champion colors to
This ancient ivied pile.



Upon the field where Zephyr sighs
We must n't lose our iron grip;
But keep the base-ball, and, likewise,
The foot-ball championship.

For while we're champions at these games,
On Fortune's brightest road we'll jog,
And keep about four thousand names
Upon the catalogue.

So let the student play la crosse,
And punch the lively bag with vim,
And, like the airy albatross,
Along the race-track skim.

The college then, through bats and balls,
Will gain and hold a standard high,
Till boys will gladly to its walls
From regions distant fly;

And crowded to its utmost brick
'T will grow and grow much larger yet,
When from the students we can pick
A man to beat Corbett.

R. K. M.

LONG SUFFERING.

PARSON JOB.—Horrible weather, Uncle Jacob.

UNCLE JAKE.—'At's adzackly 'cordin' to how you look at it, Parson. I don't nevah complain about de weddah, 'cause it's weekid; but ef dis kine of weddah is goin' to continue to keep on remainin' disheer way much longah, I be dam, Parson, ef I don't swop my patience fur a postage stamp, an' mail myself ovah to Jersey.



SHORT LIVED BOTHER.

MRS. PEEP (*sorrowfully*).—Oh, Reginald, my canary is dead! It must have been sick when you bought it.

MR. PEEP (*with suppressed joy*).—No matter; I will try to get another one—just like it.

NATURAL DRYNESS OF CHAMPAGNE.

It is a well-known fact that champagne containing the least alcohol and a minimum of sugar is recommended by the medical profession. These qualities have made G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry so popular that its imports in 1892 amounted to 75,880 cases, being more than one-fifth of the entire champagne importations, and leading every other brand by over 9,000 cases.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

HIS HONOR.—Do you know the nature of an oath?

WITNESS.—Yes—it's human nature.

IT IS BETTER to say little than much.

—King Solomon was the original paragrapher, and his fame has outlived ten-volume histories of nothing-at-all.

HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
LEADING WINTER RESORT.

PUCK'S World's Fair Souvenir

which will be issued on or about April 1st in celebration of the *World's Columbian Exposition*, in general, and PUCK's exhibition at the World's Fair, in particular, will be a monumental work, worthy of PUCK and the objects he celebrates.

Order it of your Newsdealer now.

50 Cts. per Copy.

It would be foolish to contend that other Pianos have not very good, excellent features; but every good feature in any Piano is, in a higher development, represented in the

139-155 E. 14th St.,
New York,
Wabash Ave. and
Jackson Street,
Chicago,
308-314 Post Street,
San Francisco.

SOHMER

Try the Celebrated Royal Victoria

SLEEP

producer. The only natural remedy. Drives away annoying personal and business thoughts, and produces sleep in a few minutes. Simple, harmless and sure. Lately introduced in the U. S., and 1,300 orders already taken. By mail, One Dollar. Send for testimonials.

KARL VON SCHENBERG & CO., Box 477, Toledo, O.

SMOKERS WITH BRAINS AND MEANS SMOKE
MEPHISTO CIGARS

Fahys 14K
MONARCH
Trade Mark.

We stamp our name and trade-mark in our watch cases.

Ask your jeweller about
Fahys cases.

We issue a guarantee certificate with our cases and stand by it.

Any watch case with such stamp and such certificate is fully insured and is the best watch case in the world in every respect.

But certificate is not genuine unless it has trade mark printed in it as above.

"It might have been;"

It yet may be.

There is time enough only keep track of the minutes; they will accomplish wonders if wisely ordered; that is the secret of final success—watching the minutes. Have you a new, **quick-winding** Waterbury?

It is the ideal low-priced watch; with all the genuineness, beauty and accuracy of the high-cost ones. Every woman might and *ought* to have it. So should every man and boy. It is a treasure in itself and often saves a costlier one.

Stem winding and setting, gold, filled, or coin-silver. Hunting-case or chatelaine.—Every jeweler sells it in all styles. \$4 to \$15.

EDEN MUSÉE, 23d Street, near Broadway.
THE WORLD IN WAX.
First Appearance in America of
Princess Lily Dalgorouki,
Violinist to the Empress of Russia.
Gulbal and Greville,
in Mystifying Psychonotism.
Ando and Omne,
The Japanese Wonder.
Danko Gabor's Gipsy Band.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago

Business Furniture,
Filing Cabinets,
Office Desks,
Best in the World.
Illustrated Catalogue, 80 pages, Free.
THE GLOBE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.

FIRST IN TIRES
AND IMPROVEMENTS.
VICTOR
BICYCLES

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
BOSTON.
WASHINGTON.
DENVER.
SAN FRANCISCO.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
SPECIAL AGENTS,
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.

The Cudahy Process

There's as many ways of transforming the lean meat of a steer into a solid or liquid extract of beef as there are steers. All ways are not good ways—clean ways.

King among Savory Foods stands

CUDAHY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

Properly called the

"Rex" Brand

Your dealer knows the difference.—insist on "Rex."

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.

South Omaha, Neb.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

FOR THE

SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating the Skin and Scalp, a medicinal toilet soap for bathing and beautifying. Prepared by a dermatologist. Sold by druggists, grocers and dry goods dealers, or sent by mail, 3 cakes for \$1.00.

WOODBURY'S ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICKS AND BARS.

Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. Insist on your barber using it when shaving you. Sticks, 25c.; Barbers' Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c.



A sample tube of Facial Soap and a 150 page book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated: on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10 cents; also disfigurements, like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India-ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superficial Hair, Principles of Facial Development, Changing the Features, Shaping the Ears, Nose, etc.

JOHN H. WOODYRBY, Dermatologist,
125 West 42d Street, - - New York City.
CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY LETTER.
Chicago Office - - 70 Dearborn St.

EVENING DRESS SUITS,
To Order, \$30.00 to \$50.00.
Silk or Satin Lined.



NICOLL, THE TAILOR,
711 Broadway, N.W. Cor. 9th St., 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

The uptown office of

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, New York,

Pears' Soap

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and, when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

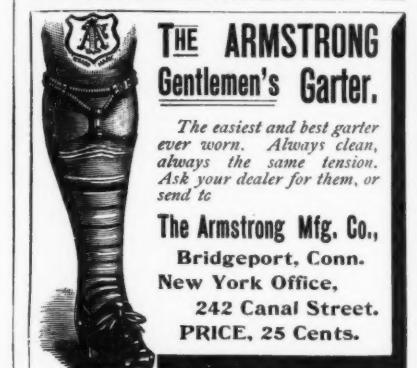
Pears' is pure, no alkali in it; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

DUPLICATE WHIST

KALAMAZOO METHOD. The only system giving the real test of skill—Inherited by The American Whist League and all leading Whist Clubs and Players. For Sale by Stationers and Dealers in Games. Send for Rules and Price-List.

IRLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.



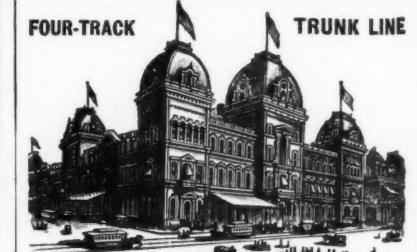
THE ARMSTRONG Gentlemen's Garter.

The easiest and best garter ever worn. Always clean, always the same tension. Ask your dealer for them, or send to

The Armstrong Mfg. Co.,
Bridgeport, Conn.
New York Office,
242 Canal Street.
PRICE, 25 Cents.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.



Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42d Street, New York, center of hotel and residence section, and the only Railroad Station in New York.

For one of the "Four-Track Series" send a two-cent stamp to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Easily Prepared, of Uniform Quality and Cleanly Made,

our Soups have established a reputation seldom attained by any brand of Canned Goods.

You run no chances when using Franco-American Soups. Such they were six years ago when first introduced, so they are to day, as regular, as good and as honest as can be made.

Factory open daily to visitors (Saturdays excepted.)

Sample can of Soup (20 varieties) or Plum Pudding, mailed on receipt of 14 cents.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Parés of Game, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Jullien, Pea, Prin-tanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca, Clam Broth, Clam Chowder.

Franco-American Food Co's Soups.

TRADE MARK
ON OUR LABEL
Franklin Street & West Broadway, New York.

is at Hotel
Imperial.—Call.

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on having

POZZONI'S

MEDICATED

COMPLEXION POWDER

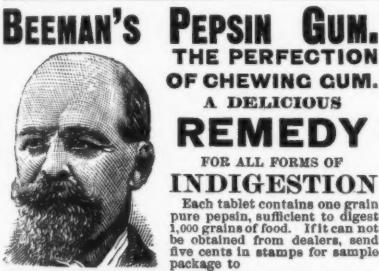
and do not let your dealer sell you any other. Pozzoni's is absolutely pure and contains no white lead or other injurious ingredients.

IT IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume unexcelled. Sole U. S. Agents.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York.



BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O.

CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

"DON'T you think he started the fire himself, hoping to get the insurance?"

"Make the fire! Heavens, no; he is a married man."—*Inter Ocean*.



R. H. Paton, 613 Walton Ave., N. Y. City, writes: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for years and find it the most efficacious remedy for coughs, colds and laryngitis I have ever tried."



ROUSE-DURYEA CYCLE CO., 66 G St., Peoria, Ill.

YALE MIXTURE SMOKING TOBACCO



BARCLAY.—Don't these street-cars ever go faster than this?
HOUSTON.—Yes. When you're running to catch one.

La Flor De Vallens & Co.

BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.

EUGENE VALLENS & CO., 44 to 54 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

You do not know how unhappy you are with your shabby varnished things till you see a new house and belongings.

One consolation — they'll be as rusty as yours in two or three years, if the owner did n't and don't look out.

The "People's Text-Book" (sent free) will help you look out.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President,
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

YES, COCOA WITH THE NUTRIMENT AND FLAVOR OF RICH CHOCOLATE AND EASY OF DIGESTION —

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA
LABEL TELLS ALL ABOUT IT.

WHY NOT SMOKE?

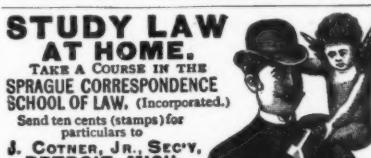
Not poisonous tobacco, but

Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes.

A SURE REMEDY FOR
Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc.
PLEASANT! POPULAR! PERFECT!

Contain no tobacco, and can be smoked by ladies. Recommended by physicians. Beware of injurious imitations. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

JAMES B. HORNER, 44 Cedar Street, New York



JUST OUT!
25 cents.
JUST OUT!
25 cents.

PICKINGS
FROM
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JUST OUT!
25 cents.
JUST OUT!
25 cents.



GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE To CALIFORNIA

Very important changes have recently been made in round-trip California tickets.

We are prepared to offer extraordinary inducements and facilities to intending travellers.

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WHEN a man has an "itching palm" he can be tickled with a dollar bill.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Incomparable Clear Havana Cigar.

THERE never was so big a fool that he could n't learn how to count money.—*Atchison Globe*.

KODAK FILMS.

Our New Films are giving perfect satisfaction. They are highly sensitive and repeated tests show that they retain this sensitiveness as well as glass plates. No other films are so free from imperfections; none so uniform; none so reliable. Our film doesn't frill.

Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE STANDARD RAILWAY OF AMERICA

THIRD TOUR TO THE GOLDEN GATE

Affording an exceptional opportunity to visit

CALIFORNIA

THE TOURISTS TRAVEL BY A

Superbly Appointed Train

Of Pullman Vestibule Drawing-Room Sleeping, Smoking and Library, Dining and Observation Cars—an exact

Counterpart of the Pennsylvania Limited

DATE OF STARTING, MARCH 29th, 1893.

EXCURSION TICKETS for this tour include all necessary expenses for the entire time absent. Return limits of tickets for the tour adjustable to the wishes of tourists.

TOURIST AGENT AND CHAPERON ACCOMPANY THE PARTY.

For itineraries containing full information, apply to Ticket Agents or address Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York, 864 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

CHAS. E. PUGH, J. R. WOOD, GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass'r Agent. Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent



IN love affairs, men make too wild statements, and women are too wild in believing them.

—Atchison *Globe*.

Lost Time

is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for Custards, Puddings and Sauces. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and Druggists.

—“Puck’s Painting-Book” for Children, 50 Cents.

NOTHING can compare to an earthquake in the country for opening up new fields.

—Yonkers *Statesman*.

A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from natural food source.



Scott's Emulsion

is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH BEER WILL BE SOLD EXCLUSIVELY.

The World's Fair Directors, realizing the enormous demand there will be during the Fair for restaurant accommodations, authorized the incorporation of the Columbian Casino Company with a capital stock of \$200,000. The Casino will be the only building on the grounds proper used exclusively for restaurant purposes. It will be equipped, managed and operated by the Casino company, which is composed of some of the best known caterers in America, with Ernest Sadler as President. These gentlemen at once determined to make the Casino the most perfect restaurant and cafe the world has ever known. It will have a seating capacity of about four thousand persons, and is designed to serve from thirty to forty thousand persons each day. Such is what this wonderful World's Fair restaurant will be.

New York Depot:
O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St.



AN OBEDIENT CHILD.

MOTHER.—Now, never let me catch you in the jam again!
WILLIE.—I—I—tried not to let you catch me this time.

BEST CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE.

Made from 2 to 3 years old SONOMA VALLEY WINE.

America's Best Product.

Our cellars, extending from Warren to Chambers St., are the finest wine cellars in this city. They enable us to carry sufficient stock to properly age the wine before drawing it off into bottles. The best proof of its superiority lies in the fact that we are patronized by the most prominent hospitals of New York, Brooklyn, and all parts of the country.

A. WERNER & CO., 52 Warren St., New York.

I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine.

A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physics, College City of New York.

IT is hard to feel at home with people who never make mistakes.—*Ram's Horn*.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite Ten-cent Cigar.

FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Factory, 406 & 408 E. 30th St., New York.

ASTHMA-CURED never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial bottle.

THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. **FREE**

NOTHING pays a poorer interest on the investment than wearing a long face.—*Ram's Horn*.

REMINGTON Typewriter.



Unanimously adopted as the Official Writing-Machine of the World's Columbian Exposition.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.



Prevents Office Headache. Mistakes in Addition. Mistakes in Carrying Forward. Listing Scattered Items to add them. Saves 60% of time in doing the work. And all the time looking for errors.

Write for Pamphlet.
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., CHICAGO.

MARRY YOUR TROUSERS

and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live. The ceremony will be performed for 50 cents or more by any first-class furnisher.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,
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THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH
at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form.

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr.,
295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE memory of a blessing is itself a blessing.—*Ram's Horn*.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, &c. &c. up. Want agents. Catalogue free. Address, 615 Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK

Exact Size.
Down-town Depot:
SUBBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y.
EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 169th Street and 3d Avenue, N. Y. City.

Perfecto.

KNABE PIANOS

EUGEN D'ALBERT: From fullest conviction I declare them to be the best Instruments of America.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW: I declare them the absolutely best in America.

ALFRED GRÜNFELD: I consider them the best Instruments of our Times.

P. TSCHAIKOWSKY: Combines with great Volume of Tone a rare sympathetic and noble Tone Colour and perfect action.

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WASHINGTON, 817 Pennsylvania Ave. 748

Arnold Constable & Co.
New Spring Designs and Colorings in
INDIA PONGEES
PRINTED CORAHS,
RONGEANTS,
CHINA SHIRTING SILKS,
A beautiful selection of designs and colorings.
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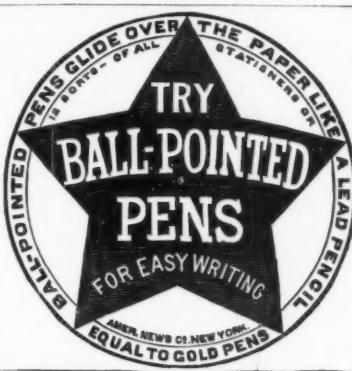
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